

Anand Mathew

Amour



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By Anand Mathew



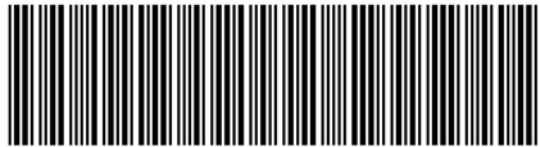
Amour

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For Caroline, queen of my soul,

The princess of my mine,

The perfection of life!



A Note to Say...

Anand has opened his soul and shares his dreams with the rest of Humanity.

Enter his World and experience his life's desires through his eyes.

Love has a different language; sometimes it will never reveal itself. *Amour* is an epitome of such unforgettable language of love. Love doesn't require permission. It transcends all the physical barriers and perplexities of life. We love, but it depends upon the excellence and degree of our unconditional communication of love. *Amour* is in the form of haiku in which the poet talks love that never told. There is a soul within it.

And, a romantic interlude of space and time that will tug at your heartstrings and bring you to your own thoughts of your first love.

Frank A. Ruffolo

Author of *Gabriel's Chalice*, *the Trihedral of Chaos*, *the Falcon's Canticles*, *Yellow Cake*, and the *Crescent Star*



FOREWORD

I came acquainted with Anand Matthew's writings by chance. What caught my interest, from the very beginning, was the uniqueness and natural flow of words—a struggle which many a writers have to face until they find their own voice.

Generally, the writer's creations are infused with myths and mythological figures suggesting a great mastery of the topics. He succeeds in bringing the past, the classical thoughts into the contemporary world, shaping and including them in modern writings that border the surrealist themes and writing styles.

His writing is fluid like a soft summer breeze cooling one's senses while still allowing the heart to burn. For the heart burns, especially when reading his love poems like the ones you are going to find in this booklet. They will lure you, page after page, creating, unwarily, a story of unrequited love, suave, and lived in sweet pain.

Love is the universal law that moves the spheres and creates everything out of the nothingness of the eternal chaos. Love is the theme of this book of poems, romantic love, to be more precise. Everything that is touched by it becomes eternity. These poems, swaying under the wing of love, will stay with you forever.

Turn this page and jump right in the middle of the tormented seas of a soul living an unrequited love. No, you will not find despair and lament! But there is plenty of tenderness and hope. Enjoy, as I surely did!

Irina Serban



She,
Closer, but oceans across,
Mountains beyond,
Resides within the secret chambers of temple,
Aside muses and everlasting memories.

Envy the zephyr,
Sun and moon,
They embrace and kiss her like never,
As if, they'll see her no more, Liars!

I'm divided,
Two chambers within me,
One is filled with her
And the other is darkness,
But, the darkness is no more,
Lights, lights and luminous lights

How cannot I love thee,
My crowned goddess,
Princess!
You have ravished my body and soul.

I'm in Casablanca!
And it echoes around me,
“Of all the gin joints in all the towns of the universe, she walks into mine.”

My eyes are not regular for her eyes,
My sounds are not even so,
My physique is not at all,
She's a stranger,
but someone whom I know very well!
How could someone like her could be a stranger for me?
Ever since my soul broke the chains of eternal sedation of love
On her sight, I became a valiant servant of my love.

Her eyes are like two dazzling pearls,
Wide and flashy,
What did she do to me with those pearls?
Oh, poor me!
I'm lost like never.

Who was she?
A normal like all,
With defined proportions of beauty and elegance,
She was a normal girl for me.
But, days later, in a fine morning,
Everything changed!
She started to hunt me,

Something started shivering in my heart.
Everything happened in my life before seemed to have converged to that point.
She set herself apart, and adorned the throne of my soul.
Queen of my soul,
Forever and ever!

Queen of my soul,
Eternal sunshine of my spotless mind,
Butterfly of redemption,
Phoenix of resurrection,
Dewdrop of everlasting love,
Thou shalt know not the twister thou hath set free in mine.

Let me kiss you
Feasting my soul,
My exquisite, timeless and delectable maiden;
You are my celebration of life!
Waiting for thee, I see the rags of time
Dance with the rhythm of my heart.
I see you, feel you;
My love, my dove,
For, the entire cosmos rests in thy sight and thought.
Let me see your eyes,
For, I see the constellation of stars celebrating our love,
I see the endless story of our love in thy sparkling eyes.
My love, beautiful, I love you with an everlasting love of my love,
Your lips are like crimson thread,
Marvell masterpiece of the Brahma

My love, you are the crown of all his creations,
Of beauty and love.

Let me kiss you with the kisses of mine.

I love you with an everlasting love!
Her Smile is like the dawning of the entire universe,
Blending in with the sunshine on her left cheek,
I see the marvelous splendor of heavens and love.
She is a luxuriant vine that yields its fruit,
She is like an evergreen cypress;
Her faithfulness comes from the ceaseless, unconditional and
Pure love of my love for her.
She is marvelous and beautiful,
Light and serious;
And her fragrance is like that of all love.
Her love is like the dew to my life and love;
Our love shall blossom like the Lilly,
Our love shall strike root like the forests of Lebanon.
Love's sprout shall spread out;
Love's beauty shall be like the olive tree,
We shall love forever and ever,
Our love shall flourish as a garden;

Our love shall blossom like the vine,
Our fragrance shall be like the wine of heavens.

Let me sleep in her love,
I love you, my love; my beautiful,
With an everlasting love.

I love you
On the nameless shores of endless desires,
Stretching out unto the endless skies,
Congregating the fragments of memories
For the zenith of the story named life,
I evoke the imperfection of my existence-
Performing countless foreign roles of life
Under the roasting heat of the sun,
And chilling cold of winter;
Romancing the myth of future,
And fastening the ghosting times and ages on the giant wheels of Romantics;
When I wander in the reminiscences of my
Yesterdays' lost dreams;
When the flesh of body overlooks its soul,
And fire of lust perspires on the body by heating the blood;
When I trod the self-paved roads in this wild world life,

Without any foregoers;
When I sell the Bohemian rhapsodies for today's life
In the rooms of bars, in the midst of glasses, bottles and men
With effervescent spirits and ecstasies,
Humming for the over souled bodies on the broken strings
Of guitar,
And when the living cigar extinguishes on my desires of lips;
When the lusty heavens embraces the virgin earth
During the phases of night,
Florence's heart beats raises in the love making,
Under the neon lights, when it rains in the night,
And when I recite the verses of Leopardi and Foscolo
In the Venetian streets for the seekers of romance;
Born from the maiden smile of Venus,
I love you with an everlasting love!
My love, eternal spring of heavens,
Myriads of dawning shine on thy ravishing face,
Myriads of life's blessing are your love for me.
I knew never, I can love like this;
I love you!

Are they real?
Are they fate, destiny or
Anything that I wonder to know about?
Whatever it could be,
I read it

I am haunted!
The crazy utopian
I wonder, now,
Could she be an utopian or
A myth of my dreams that
Make me engaged
And loving my muses?
Whatever, I owe her
I am walking unto the crazy utopia
Where I will court and

Sometimes, things seem pretty dirty
Dirty, pretty things!
Memories, they never die

They are all like immortals, we fail and

They won!

I have tried many and failed pathetically,

For, memories are scripted deep within the unknown shores of

Unknown lands.

I fail only before my memories,

They dominate me.

I erased them, some of them,

But they keep coming in.

I just gotta get out of here

And I just want to explode,

I want to fly high, high and high above the firmament

And want to drop myself like an eagle from the heavens.

I will get you my myth,

For, you make my myth!

I love whom I haven't ever seen or met,

I erase her from my memory each time I think of her

And I restore each time after.

I do it for years and years,
Nothing changes or moves,
Essentiality of each thing is same;
Nothing changes and I love her today more than anything
In this world.

Whatever I write, everything ends with her memory.

Once I erased her from my writings,
But I stopped with her name and memory.

I wrote again and she came there too,
I'm haunted, cursed of memories,

But I love them.

The beautiful absurdity of life!

O, my spirited soul,
Take me to the zenith of thy spiritedness,
No drugs, no flesh; no smokes, no drinks;
I live without them, for I need them not,
That, thy spirit makes me spirited and vivacious.
Lonely, but with the company of an unknown entity of my 'other',
I stand on the shore of a vast and wide vessel of water.
The mysterious hallows hide the secrets of life.
The zephyr caresses my face when I close my eyes.

I feel like I'm flying.

Shelly sings an 'Ode to the West wind' and

Prays his soul to take him high,

Above the daily trifles of humanity

And cultural pretensions.

Then fall down upon the thorns of his life.

I don't want to fall down on the thorns of my life,

Like shelly wanted, and lament on the cultural and

Intellectual frameworks of the society which ignored him,

I need to be the wind, singing the herald of life and soul,

I will kiss the entire world with my life and soul.

Life's beautiful,

Each day and each moment it makes me anew.

I'm flying high, high above your head and

I'll meet your soul.

I'll tell you the story of your soul,

Mysterious, tantalized by the beauty and love of life

From the abyss of life above the firmament,

Life comes alive in you.

Keats loved 'her' to ruin him,
But I love her to live me lively-
Love her is to live in her,
Live in her is to die in her and
She's miles away,
Far across the mountains and waters,
Living her vivacity unto the zenith of life,
She makes me alive.

I love myself despite how imperfect I am.
I can't help but fall in love with myself over and over again.
I sound like a self-obsessed idiot.
Like Narcissus loved himself, I love myself,
Both my body and soul and celebrate it.
There must be something left incomplete
And I do love it.

I feel peace,
But I feel my peace is compromised
And that makes me arrogant, sometimes rough.

Imperfection, I see them whom I failed to love.

Memories of her makes me soft and
She remains the best of mine forever and ever,

I fail to define, which I hate the most,
A mixture of several feelings disembark on the shore.

O, what a beautiful and wonderful life!

I live in the soul of life.

Yes, "My life is so much more interesting inside my head."

A pile of meaningless texts for the meaningless anticipation,

But, I still, wait for thee...

For an unanticipated repetition of beautiful accident;

I don't know why I still...

How art thee...

The ravishing eyes with all its ravishness

Ravished my whole with a glance of thy glare

Oh, thy art vanity, all is vanity

Ah thee, the vanity of all vanities

Vanity, vanity, vanity-

All is vanity,
Vanished in to the thick air like a dewdrop.

I shall bind myself to thee,
Forsaking the immortal life of my dreams
And to that I hold,
I would rather share one lifetime with you
Than face all the ages of this world alone...

I choose a mortal life.

I have to live travel my life,
I shall bear away my love for thee,
To the undying lands,
There it will be evergreen.
Oh, let me sail unto the undying lands,
Where we would compose the rhythm of our everlasting love.

We are strangers!
We haven't see each other,
We haven't spoke yet,
Yet, I wonder, how could I love you!
Life is mysterious
With all its mysteries.
Love, what should I call you?
How could something happen to me like that?

I followed you everywhere,
Wherever you went.
Like a zephyr,
I set myself free for you.
Your silky lock flew on my gentle caress,
Like a zephyr, I caressed you.

Far from eternity,
High from the heavens,
Deep from the waters,
You walk into mine.

Darkened eyes,
Blackened edges of lids and brows,
Thy looketh with passion,
A king is held captive,
A beast is made child.

Lavish temple of intelligence,
Lazy lock of silky shine,
Thy lips are like a crimson thread,
I fell in love with you,
This alone is my mistake...

Light and serious,
Classic and delectable,
She is the finest of all his his marvels.

Love behaves differently,
But it is same,
My language of love is different,
Unknown, but haunting,
She only knows how to read it,

If she fails,
It will never be written again for a lifetime.

She is made up of words,
Words of not anyone can understand.

She dazzles,
But she is lonely.

Her life is a poetry,
And she is the prettiest song I have ever heard,
Song that my ears feasted with,
Everlasting beauty of perfect symphony,
That no human life can compose,
She is the only heavenly hymn my soul feasted with.

She is the perfect sonnet-
The Romantics left for me.
She is the rarest of all marvelous marbles-
Michel Angelo left for me.
And now, here, I carve her down with words,

This is my sonnet,
This is my carving.
Let me give her life here,
'cause no one shall not love her like this.
She is the goddess of mine,
I have carved from the rarest of marbles,
She is the most beautiful sonnet ever written.

Beautiful haiku,
Meaningful, haunting, and ravishing.

Like the anonymous said,
“Seduce my mind and you can have my body,
Find my soul and I’m yours forever.”
Come hither, let me unveil thee,
Let the sun hide in the dungeon of night.

Let thy demon play well with mine,
For the demon of reality has surpassed me.

love doesn't need the permission,

It is arrogant, self-obsessed,

Never asked me to love her,

My love loved her.

It makes me mad, crazy, and wild,

I love her out of nothing!

With rivers to swim, mountains to climb,

Music to hear, books to read,

Honey to taste, rain to wet,

Sun to bask, moon to romance,

Spring to blossom, winter to cuddle,

Rainbow to paint, chocolate to suck,

World to see, life to live,

She is to love.

With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,

You fly high,

Whether it in my dreams or in yours,

We will meet someday, and it's not too far.

Wake me up when December starts.

There is a weird pleasure in loving someone who doesn't love you back.

I'm the most boring person if you ever know me not,
I'm the most craziest person you might know ever if you know me the best!

I love to sleep,
'cause it is in my dreams I run my fingers down

Your rachis,
And leave a stream of kisses
On thy collarbones.

You are selfish,
Impatient and a little insecure,
You make mistakes,
You are out of control,

At times hard to handle!

Let me sing Neruda,

Sonnet XVII,

“I love you without knowing
How, or when, or from where.

I love you straightforwardly,
Without complexities or pride;
So I love you because I know

No other way that this:
Where I does not exist, nor you,

So close that your hand
On my chest is my hand,
So close that your eyes close

As I fall asleep.”

I dream of you

In colours of rainbow,

I love you with the love

Unforgettable,

I speak the language
Unspoken,
And I paint her with the colors of love.

What matters most is
How long I can wait for my love.

Crazy Utopian,
She calls her so.
Like a humming bird
She sings the song of spring.

Myth, carrier of memories,
Born with us,
Sagas of life, they live with us,
Life before life,
And after
They remain with the soul,
They know the stories of our life,
From beginning to the end,

They connect souls.

Heart weighs too much to bear,
Not so easy with the seasons,
I must find a way to tell her how I feel her,
Universe started to conspire for me.

Signs, followed,
I'll meet her.

Like it rains,
Like it shines,
Like it springs,
Like it blushes,
Like it dazzles,
Like it colors,
I'll, meet her.

“we have yet to sail the most beautiful of seas,
We have yet to live the most beautiful of days,
And I have to tell you the most beautiful of things

I want to say to you,
I love you.”

Now me,
Inexperienced lover,
Must go on and tell her.

To be madly in love,
Could be exactly that- madness.

You must allow
Me to tell you
How ardently
I admire and
Love you.



